Bring me the Satin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farewell to her : ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee : Meriner ſay what coaſt is this ?
2. We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*, when canſt thou reach it ?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing : goe the wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body preſently.

Exit.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant,

Cer. Philemon, hoe.

Enter Philemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulet and ſtormy night,
Ser. I haue beene in many ; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now I neare indured.
Cer, Your Maſter will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him : giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip,
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtirre ſo early ?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea
Shooke as if the earth did quake :
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Peur ſurprize and feare, made me to leaue the houſe,

2, *Ger.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe wee trouble you ſo early.
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordſhip
Hauing rich attire about you, ſhould at theſe early houres
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe : tis moſt ſtrange
Nature ſhould be ſo conuerſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endwomens greater, then Nobleneſſe and Riches,
Careleſſe heyres may the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God :
Tis knowne, I euer ſtudied Phyſicke,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practiſe, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the beſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones : and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her eures ;
Which doth diue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent,* Your honour hath through *Epheſus*,
poured foorth your charity, and hudereds call themſelues
Your Creatures ; who by you haue beene reſtored,
And not your knowledge, your perſonall paine,
But euen your purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renowne, as neuer ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that ?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vP vpon or ſhoure
This Cheſt ; tis of ſome wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.
Gent. Tis like a Coffin, ſir.

 Cer.